THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

*1.*WHen shall we three meet againe?

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

2. When the Hurley-burley's done,

When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.

3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1. Where the place?

2. Vpon the Heath.

3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*

1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*

All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,

Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donal-

baine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt

The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serieant,

Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought

'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;

Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,

As thou didst leaue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,

As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,

And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*

(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that

The multiplying Villanies of Nature

Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles

Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,

And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,

Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:

For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)

Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,

Which smoak'd with bloody execution

(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,

Till hee fac'd the Slaue:

Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,

Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth'Chops,

And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,

Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:

So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,

No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,

Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,

But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,

With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,

Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and

Banquoh?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;

Or the Hare, the Lyon:

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,

So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,

Or memorize another *Golgotha,*

I cannot tell: but I am faint,

My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,

They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?

So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God saue the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane?*

Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,

Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,

And fanne our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,

The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,

Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,

Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,

Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,

The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now *Sweno,* the Norwayes King,

Craues composition:

Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,

Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,

Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceiue

Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,

And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*

Rosse. Ile see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,

And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:

Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.

Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger:*

But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,

And like a Rat without a tayle,

Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,

And the very Ports they blow,

All the Quarters that they know,

i'th'Ship-mans Card.

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:

Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day

Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:

He shall liue a man forbid:

Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:

Though his Barke cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.

Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,

Wrackt, as homeward he did come.*Drum within.*

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the Sea and Land,

Thus doe goe, about, about,

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice againe, to make vp nine.

Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,

So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,

That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,

And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught

That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,

By each at once her choppie finger laying

Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,

And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete

That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth,* haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth,* haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth,* that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare

Things that doe sound so faire? i'th'name of truth

Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner

You greet with present Grace, and great prediction

Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,

That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.

If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,

And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,

Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare

Your fauors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1. Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happyer.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile *Macbeth,* and *Banquo*.

1. Banquo, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:

By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,

But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues

A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,

Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,

No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange Intelligence, or why

Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way

With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,

And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,

Melted, as breath into the Winde.

Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?

Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth'selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,

The newes of thy successe: and when he reades

Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,

His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,

Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,

In viewing o're the rest o'th'selfe-same day,

He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,

Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make

Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale

Can post with post, and euery one did beare

Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,

And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,

To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,

Onely to harrold thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,

He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In

In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,

For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:

Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,

But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,

Which he deserues to loose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,

Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,

And vantage; or that with both he labour'd

In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:

But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,

Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:

The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.

Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,

When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,

Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,

Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,

The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,

Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's

In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act

Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:

This supernaturall solliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,

Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.

If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,

Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,

And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,

Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares

Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:

My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,

Shakes so my single state of Man,

That Function is smother'd in surmise,

And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,

Why Chance may Crowne me,

Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him

Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,

But with the aid of vse.

Macb. Come what come may,

Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your ley-

sure.

Macb. Giue me your fauour:

My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.

Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,

Where euery day I turne the Leafe,

To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon

What hath chanc'd: and at more time,

The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake

Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:

Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,

Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?

Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.

But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:

Who did report, that very frankly hee

Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,

And set forth a deepe Repentance:

Nothing in his Life became him,

Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,

As one that had beene studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,

To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:

He was a Gentleman, on whom I built

An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthyest Cousin,

The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now

Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,

That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,

To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,

That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,

Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,

More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,

In doing it, payes it selfe.

Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:

And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,

Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,

By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue

And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:

I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour

To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo,*

That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne

No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,

And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,

The Haruest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,

Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues

In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes,*

And you whose places are the nearest, know,

We will establish our Estate vpon

Our eldest, *Malcolme,* whom we name hereafter,

The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must

Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,

But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine

On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes,

And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:

Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull

The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:

So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy *Cawdor.*

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,

On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,

mm For

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,

Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:

The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,

Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True worthy *Banquo:* he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations, I am fed:

It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,

Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:

It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I haue

learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselues Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell*.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,

It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,

To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,

Art not without Ambition, but without

The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,

That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,

And yet would'st wrongly winne.

Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,

Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;

And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,

Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,

That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,

And chastise with the valour of my Tongue

All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,

Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme

To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,

Would haue inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:

One of my fellowes had the speed of him;

Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Then would make vp his Message.

Lady. Giue him tending,

He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*

The Rauen himselfe is hoarse,

That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*

Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,

That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,

And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full

Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,

Stop vp th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene

Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,

And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,

Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,

You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,

That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,

Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,

To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,

Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,

Thy Letters haue transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feele now

The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,

Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,

Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

Your Face, my *Thane,* is as a Booke, where men

May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.

Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,

Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,

But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,

Must be prouided for: and you shall put

This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,

Giue solely soueraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:

To alter fauor, euer is to feare:

Leaue all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,

Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,

The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe

Vnto our gentle sences.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,

The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,

By his loued Mansonry, that the Heauens breath

Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,

Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird

Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,

Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd

The ayre is delicate.*Enter Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:

The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,

Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,

How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,

And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our seruice,

In euery point twice done, and then done double,

Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend

Against those Honors deepe, and broad,

Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:

For those of old, and the late Dignities,

Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King.Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?

We courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose

To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,

And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him

To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse

We are your guest to night.

La. Your Seruants euer,

Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,

To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,

Still to returne your owne.

King. Giue me your hand:

Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,

And shall continue, our Graces towards him.

By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.

Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,

It were done quickly: If th'Assassination

Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch

With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow

Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,

But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,

Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,

We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach

Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne

To plague th'Inuenter, This euen-handed Iustice

Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice

To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;

First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,

Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,

Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,

Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*

Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin

So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues

Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against

The deepe damnation of his taking off:

And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,

Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd

Vpon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,

Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,

That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre

To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely

Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,

And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*

How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought

Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,

Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,

Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?

And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,

At what it did so freely? From this time,

Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd

To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,

As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,

And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?

Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,

Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then

That made you breake this enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man:

And to be more then what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They haue made themselues, and that their fitnesse now

Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know

How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,

I would, while it was smyling in my Face,

Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,

And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne

As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,

And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,

(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney

Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines

Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,

That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,

Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason

A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,

Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,

What cannot you and I performe vpon

Th'vnguarded *Duncan?* What not put vpon

His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt

Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:

For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose

Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,

When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepie two

Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,

That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,

As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,

Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend vp

Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show,

False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch

before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the

Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heauen,

Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

mm2 A

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,

And yet I would not sleepe:

Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts

That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.

He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,

And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.

This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,

By the name of most kind Hostesse,

And shut vp in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,

Our will became the seruant to defect,

Which else should free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:

To you they haue shew'd some truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,

We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,

If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leysure.

Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,

When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keepe

My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,

I shall be counsail'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. Exit Banquo.

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,

She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,

The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:

I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?

620

I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an Instrument I was to vse.

Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,

625

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing:

It is the bloody Businesse, which informes

Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World

630

Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse

The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Heccats Offrings: and wither'd Murther,

Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

635

With Tarquins rauishing sides, towards his designe

Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth

Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:

Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.

Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,

That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made thẽ drunk, hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.

Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,

The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.

He is about it, the Doores are open:

And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge

With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,

That Death and Nature doe contend about them,

Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,

And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,

He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled

My Father as he slept, I had don't.

My Husband?

665

Macb. I haue done the deed:

Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.

Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

670

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th'second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

675

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,

And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:

I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,

680

And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,

As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:

Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,

685

When they did say God blesse vs.

Lady. Consider it not so deepely.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought

690

After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,

Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,

The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,

695

Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,

Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:

Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore Cawdor

700

Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,

You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke

So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.

Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?

They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare

The sleepie Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:

I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:

Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirme of purpose:

Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,

That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,

Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,

For it must seeme their Guilt. Exit.

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?

What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.

Will all great Neptunes Ocean wash this blood

Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather

The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,

Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame

To weare a Heart so white. Knocke.

I heare a knocking at the South entry:

Retyre we to our Chamber:

A little Water cleares vs of this deed.

How easie is it then? your Constancie

Hath left you vnattended. Knocke.

Hearke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,

And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost

So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, Knocke.

'Twere best not know my selfe.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking:

I would thou could'st. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were

Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the

Key. Knock.Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there

i'th'name of Belzebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd

himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue

Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't. Knock.

Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name?

Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both

the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason

enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-

uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. Knock. Knock,

Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English

Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose:

Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. Knock.

Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this

place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:

I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that

goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire. Knock.

Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,

That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:

And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially

prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.

Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes

the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore

much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Le-

cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,

and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens

him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu-

sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,

leaues him.

Macd. I beleeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I

requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong

for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I

made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,

I haue almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:

This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limitted

seruice. Exit Macduffe.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruly:

Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,

And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;

Strange Schreemes of Death,

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,

Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euents,

New hatch'd toth'wofull time.

The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.

Some say, the Earth was feuorous,

And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell

A fellow to it.

815

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:

820

Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope

The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence

The Life o'th'Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

825

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:

mm3 See,

See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,

830

Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake,

Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,

And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see

The great Doomes Image: Malcolme, Banquo,

As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,

To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Businesse?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,

'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:

The repetition in a Womans eare,

Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Deare Duff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,

And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,

I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,

There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:

855

All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,

The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees

Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

860

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:

The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood

Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

865

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:

Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found

Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,

No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

870

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,

That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,

Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:

875

Th'expedition of my violent Loue

Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,

His Siluer skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,

And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,

Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers

Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,

That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,

Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,

That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,

May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,

Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow

Vpon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:

And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,

And question this most bloody piece of worke,

To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:

In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,

900

Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight

Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readinesse,

905

And meet i'th'Hall together.

All. Well contented. Exeunt.

Malc. What will you doe?

Let's not consort with them:

To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office

910

Which the false man do's easie.

Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:

Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;

915

The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,

Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,

Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,

And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,

But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,

Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,

Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene

Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,

Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,

Threatens his bloody Stage: byth'Clock 'tis Day,

And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:

Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,

That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,

When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,

Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,

A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,

Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncans Horses,

(A thing most strange, and certaine)

Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,

Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,

Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would

945

Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

950

Heere comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slaine.

955

Ross. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,

Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes

Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them

960

Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp

Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall vpon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuested.

Rosse. Where is Duncans body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu

Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare

Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide

985

It should not stand in thy Posterity,

But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father

Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As vpon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,

Why by the verities on thee made good,

990

May they not be my Oracles as well,

And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,

Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

995

La. If he had beene forgotten,

It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,

And all-thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,

And Ile request your presence.

1000

Banq. Let your Highnesse

Command vpon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tye

For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice

(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)

In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.

Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time

'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the Night,

For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers

With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,

When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,

Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:

Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:

And so I doe commend you to their backs.

Farwell. Exit Banquo.

Let euery man be master of his time,

Till seuen at Night, to make societie

The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you. Exeunt Lords.

Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace

Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs. Exit Seruant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in Banquo sticke deepe,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that

Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in safetie. There is none but he,

Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,

My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Anthonies was by Caesar. He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,

They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,

No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,

For Banquo's Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious Duncan haue I murther'd,

Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell

Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings.

Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,

And champion me to th'vtterance.

Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

1070

Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times past,

Which held you so vnder fortune,

Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.

This I made good to you, in our last conference,

1075

Past in probation with you:

How you were borne in hand, how crost:

The Instruments: who wrought with them:

And all things else, that might

To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,

1080

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1.Murth. You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting.

1085

Doe you finde your patience so predominant,

In your nature, that you can let this goe?

Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,

And for his Issue, whose heauie hand

Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd

1090

Yours for euer?

1.Murth. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,

As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,

Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt

1095

All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one

According to the gift, which bounteous Nature

Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue

1100

Particular addition, from the Bill,

That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you haue a station in the file,

Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,

And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,

Whose execution takes your Enemie off,

Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,

Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,

Which in his Death were perfect.

2.Murth. I am one, my Liege,

Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World

Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,

To spight the World.

1.Murth. And I another,

So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,

That I would set my Life on any Chance,

To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,

That euery minute of his being, thrusts

Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could

With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,

And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,

For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,

Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,

Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,

That I to your assistance doe make loue,

Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,

For sundry weightie Reasons.

1130

2.Murth. We shall, my Lord,

Performe what you command vs.

1.Murth. Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.

Within this houre, at most,

1135

I will aduise you where to plant your selues,

Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,

And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,

That I require a clearenesse; and with him,

1140

To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:

Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,

Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,

Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate

Of that darke houre: resolue your selues apart,

1145

Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,

It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,

If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,

For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will.Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,

Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?

Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,

Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd

With them they thinke on: things without all remedie

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:

Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice

Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,

Both the Worlds suffer,

Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe

In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,

That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,

Then on the torture of the Minde to lye

In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:

After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,

Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,

Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,

Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,

Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,

Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:

Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue

Our Honors in these flattering streames,

And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:

Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleans liues.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,

Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne

His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black Heccats summons

The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,

Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,

There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,

Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,

And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand

Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,

Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,

And the Crow makes Wing toth'Rookie Wood:

Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,

Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.

Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,

Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:

So prythee goe with me.Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?

3. Macbeth.

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers

Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,

To the direction iust.

1. Then stand with vs:

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.

Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,

To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approches

The subiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.

2. Then 'tis hee:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,

Alreadie are i'th'Court.

1. His Horses goe about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,

So all men doe, from hence toth'Pallace Gate

Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye good Fleans, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

2. We haue lost

Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox,

Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:

At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,

And play the humble Host:

Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,

For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks

Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,

Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure

The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,

Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleans:

If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.

Mur. Most Royall Sir

Fleans is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:

I had else beene perfect;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,

As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:

But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in

To sawcy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thankes for that:

There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled

Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,

No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow

Wee'l heare our selues againe. Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,

You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:

'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:

From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,

Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:

Now good digestion waite on Appetite,

And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present:

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,

Then pitty for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)

Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse

To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Mcab.

142 The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reseru'd Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moues your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you haue done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake

Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,

And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,

The fit is momentary, vpon a thought

He will againe be well. If much you note him

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that

Which might appall the Diuell.

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan. O, these flawes and starts

(Impostors to true feare) would well become

A womans story, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,

And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres

But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,

Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,

The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues

Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,

And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee

The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,

Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,

Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange

Euen to the disposition that I owe,

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,

And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not vpon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health

Attend his Maiesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all. Exit Lords.

Macb. It will haue blood they say:

Blood will haue Blood:

Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:

Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding.

La: Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall giue way. I am in blood

Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:

We are yet but yong indeed. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting

Hecat.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angerly?

Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?

Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare

To Trade, and Trafficke with Macbeth,

In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

The Tragedie of Macbeth. 143

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,

The close contriuer of all harmes,

Was neuer call'd to beare my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art?

And which is worse, all you haue done

Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)

Loues for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gon,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destinie.

Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,

Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;

I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend

Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.

Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.

Vpon the Corner of the Moone

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

Ile catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by Magicke slights,

Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare

His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:

And you all know, Security

Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see

Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be

Backe againe. Exeunt.

Scaena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,

Haue but hit your Thoughts

Which can interpret farther: Onely I say

Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead:

And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,

Whom you may say (if't please you) Fleans kill'd,

For Fleans fled: Men must not walke too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolme, and for Donalbane

To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,

How it did greeue Macbeth? Did he not straight

In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,

That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?

Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:

For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue

To heare the men deny't. So that I say,

He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,

That had he Duncans Sonnes vnder his Key,

(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde

What 'twere to kill a Father: So should Fleans.

But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd

His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare

Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncane

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)

Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd

Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,

That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing

Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduffe

Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,

That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)

To ratifie the Worke) we may againe

Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:

Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;

Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,

All which we pine for now. And this report

Hath so exasperate their King, that hee

Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduffe?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I

The clowdy Messenger turnes me his backe,

And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time

That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might

Aduise him to a Caution, t hold what distance

His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell

Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold

His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing

May soone returne to this our suffering Country,

Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. Exeunt

Actus Quartus.Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.

3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Round about the Caldron go:

In the poysond Entrailes throw

Toad, that vnder cold stone,

Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:

Sweltred Venom sleeping got,

Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,

In the Cauldron boyle and bake:

Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,

Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:

Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,

Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:

For a Charme of powrefull trouble,

Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,

Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe

Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:

Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:

Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,

Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,

Sliuer'd in the Moones Ecclipse:

Nose

144 The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:

Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,

Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,

Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.

Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,

For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,

Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,

And euery one shall share i'th'gaines:

And now about the Cauldron sing

Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,

Inchanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,

Something wicked this way comes:

Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,

(How ere you come to know it) answer me:

Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight

Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues

Confound and swallow Nauigation vp:

Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,

Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:

Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope

Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure

Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,

Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me

To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l answer.

1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,

Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten

Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten

From the Murderers Gibbet, throw

Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show. Thunder.

1. Apparation,an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.

1 He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks

Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first. Thunder.

2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.

2 Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne

The powre of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harme Macbeth. Descends.

Mac. Then liue Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?

But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not liue,

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;

And sleepe in spight of Thunder. Thunder

3 Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,

And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill

Shall come against him. Descend.

Macb. That will neuer bee:

Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree

Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood

Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth

Shall liue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer

Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.

Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noise is this? Hoboyes

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,

Come like shadowes, so depart.

A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse

in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:

Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire

Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:

A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,

Why do you shew me this? --- A fourth? Start eyes!

What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?

Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more:

And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,

Which shewes me many more: and some I see,

That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.

Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,

For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,

And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,

And shew the best of our delights.

Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,

While you performe your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties, did his welcome pay. Musicke.

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernitious houre,

Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there. Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,

And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare

The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke

Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And euen now

To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:

The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize,

Seize vpon Fife; giue to th' edge o'th'Sword

His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules

That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,

This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,

But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,

Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.

Wife. Wisedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,

His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place

From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,

He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren

(The most diminitiue of Birds) will fight,

Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:

All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;

As little is the Wisedome, where the flight

So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deerest Cooz,

I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,

He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes

The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,

But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors

And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor

From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,

But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea

Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:

Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,

To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,

Blessing vpon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,

And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leaue at once. Exit Rosse.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,

And what will you do now? How will you liue?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,

Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,

The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?

Poore Birds they are not set for:

My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:

How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,

And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,

And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Euery one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there

are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,

and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you

would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickely

haue a new Father.

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,

Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;

I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.

If you will take a homely mans aduice,

Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones

To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:

To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,

Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,

I dare abide no longer. Exit Messenger

Wife. Whether should I flye?

I haue done no harme. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world: where to do harme

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)

Do I put vp that womanly defence,

To say I haue done no harme?

What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge?

Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,

Run away I pray you. Exit crying Murther.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there

Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather

Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,

Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,

New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes

Strike heauen on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleeue, Ile waile;

What know, beleeue; and what I can redresse,

As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.

What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.

This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something

You may discerne of him through me, and wisedome

To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe

T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But Macbeth is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle

In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace

Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes.

Malc. Perchance euen there

Where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?

Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue,

Without leaue-taking. I pray you,

Let not my Iealousies, be your Dishonors,

But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,

What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,

Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear yu thy wrongs,

The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,

I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,

For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute feare of you:

I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,

It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,

There would be hands vplifted in my right:

And heere from gracious England haue I offer

Of goodly thousands. But for all this,

When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head,

Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country

Shall haue more vices then it had before,

More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,

By him that shall succeede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know

All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth

Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State

Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd

With my confinelesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions

Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd

In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,

Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,

Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne

That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none

In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,

Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp

The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire

All continent Impediments would ore-beare

That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,

Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance

In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene

Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,

And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet

To take vpon you what is yours: you may

Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,

And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:

We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be

That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many

As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,

Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes

In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such

A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,

I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,

Desire his Iewels, and this others House,

And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce

To make me hunger more, that I should forge

Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,

Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice

stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote

Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin

The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,

Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will

Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,

With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,

As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,

Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,

Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,

I haue no rellish of them, but abound

In the diuision of each seuerall Crime,

Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should

Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,

Vprore the vniuersall peace, confound

All vnity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:

I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natiõ miserable!

With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,

When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?

Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne

By his owne Interdiction stands accust,

And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father

Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,

Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,

Dy'de euery day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,

Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,

Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion

Childe of integrity, hath from my soule

Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish Macbeth,

By many of these traines, hath sought to win me

Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me

From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue

Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now

I put my selfe to thy Direction, and

Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure

The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,

For strangers to my Nature. I am yet

Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,

Scarsely haue coueted what was mine owne.

At no time broke my Faith, would not betray

The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight

No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking

Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly

Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:

Whither indeed, before they heere approach

Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men

Already at a point, was setting foorth:

Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse

Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth

I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules

That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces

The great assay of Art. But at his touch,

Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,

They presently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,

Which often since my heere remaine in England,

I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen

Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people

All swolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,

The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,

Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,

Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken

To the succeeding Royalty he leaues

The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,

He hath a heauenly guift of Prophesie,

And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,

That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue

The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,

Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot

Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing

But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:

Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes

A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,

Is there scarse ask'd for who, and good mens liues

Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,

Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,

Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings

Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour

Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,

Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,

For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.

Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland

Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,

To doffe their dire distresses.

Malc. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath

Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,

An older, and a better Souldier, none

That Christendome giues out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I haue words

That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,

Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,

The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe

Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the maine part

Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,

Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound

That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse, Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes

Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner

Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere

To adde the death of you.

Malc. Mercifull Heauen:

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:

Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,

Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I haue said.

Malc. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,

To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme

At one fell swoope?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

Nn2 But

148 The Tragedie of Macbeth.

But I must also feele it as a man;

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me: Did heauen looke on,

And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff,

They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,

Not for their owne demerits, but for mine

Fell slaughter on their soules: Heauen rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe

Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,

Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,

Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe

Within my Swords length set him, if he scape

Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:

Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,

Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue

Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,

The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting

Gentlewoman.

2095

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can

perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last

walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue

seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-

2100

pon her, vnlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it,

write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-

turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at

once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.

In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other

actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard

her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse

to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-

on my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-

tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme

thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in

this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes

from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why

then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,

a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes

it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much

blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?

What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that

my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this star-

ting.

Doct. Go too, go too:

You haue knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure

of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-

fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,

for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

2150

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue

knowne those which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue

dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,

looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo*'s buried;

2155

he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:

Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's

done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds

Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes

To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:

More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:

God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,

Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,

And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,

My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,

Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm,*

His Vnkle *Seyward,* and the good *Macduff.*

Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes

Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme

Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File

2185

Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,

And many vnruffe youths, that euen now

Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:

2190

Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele

2195

His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,

Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:

Those he commands, moue onely in command,

Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title

Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe

2200

Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,

When all that is within him, do's condemne

It selfe, for being there.

2205

Cath. Well, march we on,

To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:

Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,

And with him poure we in our Countries purge,

Each drop of vs.

2210

Lenox. Or so much as it needes,

To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:

Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

2215

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:

Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunsinane,

I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme?*

Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know

All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:

2220

Feare not *Macbeth,* no man that's borne of woman

Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly false Thanes,

And mingle with the English Epicures,

The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,

Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

2225

Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:

Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine?

2230

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare

Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine

Are Counsailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

2235

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton,* I am sick at hart,

When I behold: *Seyton,* I say, this push

Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.

I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life

Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,

And that which should accompany Old-Age,

As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,

I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,

Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath

Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Giue me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:

2255

Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,

Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:

How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,

As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies

2260

That keepe her from her rest.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,

Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,

2265

And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote

Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe

Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient

Must minister to himselfe.

2270

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.

Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:

Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:

Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast

The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristiue Health,

I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,

That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,

What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge

Would scowre these English hence: hear'st yu of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation

Makes vs heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me:

I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,

Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,

Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,

Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,

and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand

That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc, Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,

And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery

Erre in report of vs.

2300

Sold. It shall be done.

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant

Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure

Our setting downe befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:

2305

For where there is aduantage to be giuen,

Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,

And none serue with him, but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our iust Censures

2310

Attend the true euent, and put we on

nn3 Industrious

Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make vs know

What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:

2315

Thoughts speculatiue, their vnsure hopes relate,

But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,

Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with

Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,

The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength

Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,

Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,

And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:

The time ha's beene, my sences would haue cool'd

To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire

Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre

As life were in't. I haue supt full with horrors,

Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts

Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should haue dy'de heereafter;

There would haue beene a time for such a word:

To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,

Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last Syllable of Recorded time:

And all our yesterdayes, haue lighted Fooles

The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,

That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,

And then is heard no more. It is a Tale

Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury

Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill

I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought

The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:

Within this three Mile may you see it comming.

I say, a mouing Groue.

Macb. If thou speak'st fhlse,

Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue

Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in Resolution, and begin

To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,

That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood

Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,

If this which he auouches, do's appeare,

There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,

And wish th'estate o'th'world were now vndon.

Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,

At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,

with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:

Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,

And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)

Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne

Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe,* and wee

Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do,

According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:

Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,

Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, giue thẽ all breath

Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*

Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,

But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he

That was not borne of Woman? Such a one

Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name

Then any is in hell.

2405

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Y. Sey. The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a Title

More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword

2410

Ile proue the lye thou speak st.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;

But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,

Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,

If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,

My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:

I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes

Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth,*

Or else my Sword with an vnbattered edge

I sheath againe vndeeded. There thou should'st be,

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seemes

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,

And more I begge not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:

The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,

The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,

The day almost it selfe professes yours,

And little is to do.

Malc. We haue met with Foes

That strike beside vs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt. Alarum*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye

On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes

Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

2440

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:

But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd

With blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words,

2445

My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine

Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarum*

Macb. Thou loosest labour

As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre

With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,

I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld

To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,

And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd

Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb

Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;

For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:

And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,

That palter with vs in a double sence,

That keepe the word of promise to our eare,

And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,

And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.

2465

Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are

Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,

Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld

To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,

2470

And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.

Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body,

I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe,*

2475

And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,

Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.

2480

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd.

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,

He onely liu'd but till he was a man,

The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd

In the vnshrinking station where he fought,

But like a man he dy'de.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:

Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,

And that Ile spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,

They say he parted well, and paid his score,

And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.

Behold where stands

Th'Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,

That speake my salutation in their minds:

Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,

Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,

And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen

Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland

In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,

That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,

Producing forth the cruell Ministers

Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;

Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,

Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else

That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,

We will performe in measure, time, and place:

So thankes to all at once, and to each one,

Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

LINK: https://internetshakespeare.uvic.ca/doc/Mac_F1/complete/index.html